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THE WEEKLY ARIZONIAN.

New Series. Tucson, A. T., Sunday, March 21, 1869 Vol. 2. No. 12

THE WEEKLY ARIZONIAN

A Weekly Journal, devoted to the interests of Arizona Territory.

Published every Sunday Morning, by
SHERRY. & DOONER.

Terms of Subscription.

One Copy, one year..... $7.00
One copy, six months..... $4.00
One copy for three months..... 2.00
Single numbers, each..... 25

Subscriptions must be paid invariably in advance

Advertising Rates.

Two dollars per square for the first insertion and one dollar for each subsequent insertion

[Written for the ARIZONIAN.]

A TRIBUTE TO "TENNESSEE."

Who was captured by Indians in San Cimone Valley last year and who was, undoubtedly, burned at the stake, as, recently, a detachment of Mexican troops reported the finding of his charred remains in the mountains near Fronteras.

Bound to a cruel stake,
The Indians' captive lay;
And watch'd the sunset take,
Its farewell peep at day.

He watch'd with lover's look,
Its ling'ring parting ray,
And sigh'd to think he took,
His last adieu of day.

For he was young, and health
Bloom'd in his manly cheek,
He'd left a home of wealth
In sudden boyish freak.

His mother's darling pet,
He'd never lack'd for aught,
Belov'd and rich—and yet
Such life too tame—he thought.

He'd read the thrilling tales
Of desp'rate border strife,
Where life side falls
The hunter yields his life.

He'd read and longed to try
His nerves, in such a state
He little thought—to die
So soon—would be his fate.

A hundred times he'd heard
The at fear—the savage shout
Had his nerves and stirr'd
His very blood about.

A hundred times he'd seen
Grim death in all her forms—
And yet was safe, thro' e'en
Life's wildest gales and storms.

But now, he feels no hand
Can help him in his plight,
Far away from native land,
He'll surely die to-night.

Still but a single tear
Does dim his flashing eye.
'Tis not a sign of fear—
He's not afraid to die.

He thinks of home perchance,
When guileless as a dove,
He saw his mother's glance,
And felt her kiss of love.

He thinks, alas! no more!
The fagots are on fire,
The hissing blazes soar,
And wrap his fun'ral pyre.

While 'round him imps of hell,
New tortures vainly try;
No pain, nor taunt can quell,
The flashing of that eye,

Just as he liv'd, he died;
His boldness never quailed,
All honor to his pride,
Though every pain was tried,
His manhood never failed.

"FRIEND."

A strange Affair—The Girl who has been in a Trance twenty Days.

The *Evening Wisconsin* of January 17th says: A number of our city physicians went out to Burlington yesterday, to investigate the case of a child, which for twenty days has been in a state of trance. The case is pronounced one of the most remarkable that ever came under the notice of the medical faculty, and there is little wonder that it creates something like a sensation. In the report of the affair published in the *Wisconsin* of yesterday we had not sufficient details to explain the case thoroughly, but are enabled to do so to-day from the lips of persons who have seen the child:

A little daughter twelve years of age, named Mina, of Christian Rausch, a German farmer living about a mile and a half from Burlington, Racine county, in this State, had a severe attack of measles and typhoid. She had nearly recovered from this on the 8th day of January, when she called her father to her bedside and told him that she was going to sleep for a long long time. She said she would look as though she were dead, but she would not be dead, and she made her father promise that he would not bury her, which promise, it may be readily supposed, has been faithfully kept. Soon after making the request, the child, to all appearance, sank quietly and peacefully into her last sleep. By all it was supposed that Mina was dead, and the body was enshrouded in a coffin. After the sleep the body showed no signs of death although the pulse and heart ceased to perform their pulsations, and no device could show that the respiratory organs were in use. The eyes closed. In this state Mina has lain for twenty days, without a sign of life and with no sign of death, other than the sinking of the cheeks and eyes, which would be natural with one who had fasted for so long a period.

Three days ago a vein was tapped and the blood flowed as naturally as it would from a living person. A blister raised upon the flesh precisely as it would on one alive. A neighbor of Mr Rausch told our reporter that he pressed his finger on the hand of the girl. Her flesh was solid, and upon taking away the finger the spot was white, in a few seconds the color came again, precisely as it would if the flesh of a living person were pressed in the same manner. Under these circumstances it is reasonable for the parents and friends of the child to believe that she lies in a trance, and there is little wonder that the case is attracting so much attention among the medical faculty. It will be watched carefully to the end, and with interest. A large number of persons have visited the house of Mr. Rausch, and all express themselves as lost in wonder and amazement at this strikingly strange affair.

Slaughter in the Seas.

The life of all fishes is one of perpetual warfare, and the only law that pervades the great world of waters is that of the strongest, the swiftest and the most voracious. The carnage of the sea, immeasurably exceeds even that which is permitted to perplex our reason on earth. We know, however, that without it the population of the sea would soon become so immense that, vast as it is, it would not suffice for its multitudinous inhabitants. Few fishes probably die a natural death, for some seem to have been created solely for the purpose of devouring others. There is none, probably, which does not feed upon some other species or on its own.

Many of the monsters that roam the watery plains are provided with maws more than capable of engulfing thousands of their own kind a day. A hogshead of herring have been taken out of the belly of a whale. A shark probably destroys tens of thousands in a year. Fifteen full sized herrings have been discovered in the belly of a cod.

Sea birds are scarcely less destructive to fish than fish are to each other. The solon goose can swallow and digest at least six full sized herrings per day. It has been calculated that the Island of St. Kilda, assuming it to be inhabited by two hundred thousand of these birds, feeding for seven months in the year, and with an allowance of five herrings each per day, the number of fish necessary for the summer subsistence of a single species of bird cannot be under two hundred and fourteen millions. Compared with the enormous consumption of fish by birds and each other, the draughts made upon the sea by man, with all his ingenious fishing devices, seem to dwindle into absolute insignificance.

Military Matters in Arizona.

We are under obligations to Hon. Sylvester Mowry for the following taken from the San Francisco *Bulletin* of the 22d ultimo, but since the above date there have been various changes in the distribution of the troops, which we are not cognizant of.

The military operations and location of the troops in Arizona possess at this time considerable interest, from the fact that the forces at that point are actively engaged in the subjugation of the Apaches and other warlike Indians in that Territory. Through the courtesy of Brevet Maj Gen E O C Ord, in command of the Department of California, we are permitted to give publicity to the following particulars. The number of the companies in Arizona is 36—as follows At Camp Mojave, Co's E and K 14th infantry, in command of Bvt-Lieut-Col W. R. Price, 8th cavalry. At Camp Willow Grove, Co's E and K 8th cavalry under command of Bvt. S R M. Young, 8th cavalry. At Camp Whipple, Co.s B and L 8th cavalry, and G 15th infantry, under command of Maj D. R. Clendenin, 8th cavalry. At Camp Verde, Co C 14th infantry Bvt-Lieut-Col. S. McCombe, 14 infantry. At Camp Date Creek, Co. I 14th infantry, Capt G. W. Davis, 14th infantry. At Camp Colorado, Co H. 14th infantry 1st Lieut. Charles B. Western At Camp McDowell, Co's D. 14th infantry, E 1st cavalry I 8th cavalry under command of Bvt. Brig Gen. A. J. Alexander 8th cavalry. At Camp Reno, Co. A 32d infantry and detachment of Co. F 14th infantry under command 1st Lieut. G W. Chilson 32d. infantry. At Camp Lowell, Tucson, Headquarters; Co E 32d infantry and G 1st cavalry. Bvt. Brig-Gen T. C Devin, 8th cavalry, commanding troops in Arizona. At Camp Goodwin, Co's B F G 32d infantry, Bvt. Lieut. Col. W. Perry commanding. At Camp Bowie Co. D 32d infantry, H. J. Ripley. At Camp Grant, Co's B 14th infantry, H, and I 32d Infantry, Bvt. Lieut-Col. G. Ilges 14th infantry commanding. At Camp Wallen Co C 32d infantry, Bvt. Maj. G. M Downey 32d infantry. At Camp Crittenden Co K 32d infantry, and Co's C. and K 1st cavalry, Capt. S. G. Whipple, 32d infantry. *En route*: Co F 8th cavalry, Bvt. Maj. D Stewart; Co. C 8th cavalry Capt W. Kelly. Co. I 1st cavalry, Capt J. Barry. The last named company sailed on Saturday in the steamer for San Diego.

These troops will be reinforced by about eight companies, who will be forwarded assoon as possible, it being the intention to conduct the campaign against the Indians in arms in that district in as active a manner as possible during the present season. The number of troops when the reinforcements arrive will be 36 companies or about 1,800 troops.

The operations of the troops during the last quarter have been of considerable interest, especially in northern Arizona, where the scouts of Gen. Alexander, Col. Price, Major Clendenin and Lieuts Hasson, Somerby and Wells have resulted in the capture of numerous Indians; the killing of 64 and the destruction of the villages and property of several warlike parties of Indians who have been committing outrages and killing the settlers in the Territory. The war parties of Indians are mostly roving Apaches, some of them being from the hostile branch of the Haulpais tribe. The chief of this tribe is an active and sanguinary wretch, known as "Sheerum," who has been twice captured and escaped as many times. Col Price is once more on his track, with good prospects of again corralling the wily savage. When caught he is to be sent to San Francisco to vegetate on Angel or Alcatraz Island. Other Indians who have been captured by the troops, and are too dangerous to trust on the reservations, are on their way to this city where they will be confined on some of the islands of this harbor. The peaceable disposed Indians, squaws and children are placed on the reservations; where there are many hundreds.

The difficulty of distinguishing the friendly from the hostile Indians, has compelled the General Commanding, to issue orders that all friendly Indians must remain within certain limits, at the reservations, all others will be considered as hostile and treated accordingly.

The number of hostile Indians (warriors) in Arizona will vary at times from 550 1,500. Each warrior will usually represent a family of a squaw and papooses These Indians, (Apaches mostly) will at times make raids over the frontier into Mexico in large numbers, and return laden with scalps and booty.

The frequent killing and capture or dispersion of these marauding bands, and the destruction of their villages and crops of late, by our troops, has made them more than usually cautious and cunning in their depredations, and the officers have had all their knowledge of Indian warfare and perfidy put to the test in dealing with them.

The campaign of the present season, it is hoped will go far to put an end to Indian hostilities, both for the sake of the white people of Arizona and the interest of humanity, and because of the expense to the government, as it costs about an average of $1 per day for each soldier, horse and mule in the Territory.

A Medium Nonplussed.

The best joke that we have heard related of the believers in 'spiritual knocking,' is told of a man in Norfolk county, in Virginia, who, a few weeks since, visited the house of a neighboring farmer, and as soon as the dishes were removed from the supper table proposed to have a 'sitting' with the family in the kitchen, to see if his dear guardian angel, St Luke, would not make some new revelation.

After sitting in a deathlike silence for about ten minutes, some one hinted the possibility of the gentleman's being mistaken about his receiving communications from St. Luke, whereupon the spiritualist brought his fist down upon the table with decided emphasis, and exclaimed—'Gentlemen, I know that I've had communications from my dear guardian angel, St Luke. Yes, you may laugh as much as you like, but St Luke is in the room neow! Yes, his blessed spirit is here. I feel something neow in my trowsers! Yes, I—oh! ah! ki-kil take him out! take him out!'

And here the gentleman leaped from his chair, grasped with both his hands that portion of his pantaloons which is usually worn thinnest, and begged the spectators in the most pitying tones to 'take him out' or he should 'die on the spot.'

Requesting the ladies to leave the room, the gentlemen present made an examination of the spiritualist's pantaloons, and found them to contain a mouse, that, by the stillness of the company, had been induced to leave his quarters and search for crumbs upon the floor. It is not known whether the gentleman still believes that he is watched over by his friend St Luke, as he now avoids all spiritual assemblies, and is immediately silenced when he attempts to introduce the subject of spiritual knockings, by the mischievous boys exclaiming —'Take him out! take him o-u-t!'

GENTLE HINT: The publisher of exchange talks in the following strain of some of his delinquints. We reproduce it as a timely theme to some of ours. "We say just here and once for all, to that class of incorrigibles who care no more for a polite dun than a dog does for the gospel, that such as have means we propose *shall* pay us; those who have got no property have got a good thing on us, and would advise them to keep taking the paper as long as we can be induced to send it. We don't want to offend any one, but we beg to be permitted to remark that a man too mean to pay the printer, must have a small soul. *Small* is no name for it. You could blow such a soul through a humming-bird's quill into a mosquito's eye, *and the mosquito would'nt think*. A million of them would dance quadrills on the point of a needle, and leave room enough over for a full grown burrying ground. Come gentlemen pay up for the past, and renew for the future."

A two weeks' trance in Wisconsin ended in death.